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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Two Biographies of Musicians.

From ED. HANSLICK's review in the "Wiener Neue Freie Presse."

II.

The first volume of the life of MOSCHELES, now before us, begins at his childhood, and brings the biography down to the year 1835. We learn from it that Moscheles, born in 1794, the son of a small Jewish merchant in Prague, gave already at a very early age proof of extraordinary musical talent, and was first instructed by Dionys Weber, then by Albrechtsberger, who then occupied the first rank among the harmonists of Europe. Still later he became the scholar of Salieri, to whom he preserved the warmest attachment during his whole life. In his twentieth year he went to Vienna, and here immediately entered upon a most brilliant, stirring life. His talents developed so rapidly that the young virtuoso was soon numbered among the favorites of the Vienna public. The palm could only be doubtful between Moscheles and Hummel. While Hummel was unapproached in the *legato*, which "appeared to be velvet under his fingers, over which his running passages rolled like strings of pearl," Moscheles carried away the hearts of his audiences by his dashing bravura and youthful enthusiasm. The numerous brilliant invitations he received did not prevent him from working however. He tried to make up for lost time by composing until two and three o'clock in the morning. And yet he is ever dissatisfied with his achievements. "To-day I received much praise," he writes once, "particularly from Count P., who grew quite enthusiastic,—but I was not satisfied with myself." And again: "The company was delighted, but not so I, I shall have to improve very much yet;" and another time: "I did not permit myself to be prevailed upon to play, for I should not have done well to-day, and I always regret it afterwards when I play without enthusiasm." He heard Beethoven play once, the piano part of his Trio in B-flat major, but writes of him: "His manner of performing, setting aside the spirit, does not wholly satisfy me, because it lacks purity and precision,"—while he is quite enthusiastic over Meyerbeer, with whom he became quite intimate, and who exercised great influence over his own artistic development. "His bravura is indescribable. His manner of performing is unapproachable. I admire his quite peculiar manner of handling the instrument." But yet among the most valuable of Moscheles's acquisitions during his sojourn in Vienna, was his personal intercourse with Beethoven, for whom he made the piano arrangement of "Fidelio." "I have received the commission," he writes, "to make a transcription for the piano, of the masterwork *Fidelio*. What could be more desirable?"

Now follow short notices of how he took the different parts to Beethoven, who looked through them, and here and there the words: "he altered little," or, "he changed nothing;" or again, "he simplified," or "he strengthened." At one time he relates: "When I came early to Beethoven, he was in bed yet; he was particularly gay to-day, sprang out immediately, and went, just as he was, to the window on the 'Schotten-bastei,' to look through the pieces. Of course the boys in the street assembled under the window, till he exclaimed: 'Those d—d boys! what may they want?' I pointed at him, smiling. 'Yes, yes, you are right,' he cried now, and slipped

hastily into a dressing gown. Under the last piece I had written '*fine*, with the help of God!' He was not at home when I took it to his house, and when he returned it to me, I found under the words: 'O mortal, help thyself!'"

Of course Moscheles regularly visited the classical quartet performances established by Schuppanzigh, and always gives them the highest praise. Once he says: "I sat beside Spohr; we exchanged opinions upon what we had just heard; Spohr spoke with much warmth against Beethoven and his imitators." One day the Countess Hardegg sent for Moscheles to request his coöperation in a concert to be given for charitable purposes. He did not feel inclined to comply at first, having nothing new to play. She urged him to compose something for the occasion, and at length it was agreed upon that he should write variations upon the March played by the regiment (at the time of the Vienna Congress) assigned to the Emperor Alexander of Russia. This was the origin of the celebrated "Alexander March Variations," of which it was said for a long time that only Moscheles himself could play them, and which proved his crowning effort, wherever, in all his journeys, he performed them.

In 1821 he visited Holland, France and England, with extraordinary success. In London he had so enthusiastic a reception that he settled there in the following year. The decided favorite of the public, he soon became the teacher of the aristocracy, the most famous pianist in London; he was appointed professor at the Royal Academy of Music, Director of the Philharmonic Concerts, etc. He did a great deal, while in London, for the propagation of classical music, particularly Beethoven's; it was under his leadership that the "Missa Solemnis" was first performed there. Yet it may not be surprising to some that Moscheles mentions as the "bright side" of his sojourn in London, "good pay and a successful career." "I must make and listen to too much shallow music," he complains.

In the year 1823 he first returned to Germany. In Berlin he visits in the Mendelssohn family, and never grows weary of praising it in his journal. Felix Mendelssohn, to whom he was united by ties of the warmest friendship, is often mentioned, and the unenvying, enthusiastic appreciation with which he speaks of the compositions and performances of his younger friend, must prepossess everybody in favor of Moscheles's pure, amiable character. "That is a family," he writes, "as I have never known any yet; the fifteen-year old Felix a phenomenon, as there is not another to be found! What are all 'wonder-children' beside him? They are just 'wonder-children' and nothing more; this Felix Mendelssohn is already a matured artist, and only fifteen years old!" The parents repeatedly request Moscheles to give Felix a few lessons, but he always in a very modest manner declines. In his Journal he puts down: "He does not need lessons any more! If he chooses to catch some hints from me upon anything that may be new to him, he can easily do so." He grows more and more intimate with the Mendelssohn family; the friendship with Felix became in later years of permanent artistic importance, since it was Mendelssohn who, after the foundation of the Leipzig Conservatory, induced Moscheles to remove to Leipzig, and accept the first professorship of the piano there. After Mendelssohn's death, it was chiefly Moscheles's illustrious name that drew scholars to the Conservatory from all parts of the world.

On the occasion of a Concert he gave in Hamburg in 1825, Moscheles became acquainted with a young, accomplished lady, Charlotte Embden, the daughter of a banker of that city. A few days after their first acquaintance they were engaged, and four weeks later married. Moscheles owed to her the purest domestic happiness, during a model union of fully 45 years. To their first boy, Felix, Mendelssohn stood godfather.

In the early spring of 1826 Carl Maria von Weber had come to London to have his "Oberon" performed there for the first time, and visited at the house of Moscheles, being invited to dine there. "What a pleasure!" writes M. "But even here we were most deeply moved to compassion; for he entered our drawing-room speechless,—the one flight of stairs that led up to it had entirely taken away his breath; he sank into a chair near the door, but soon recovered, and then showed himself the most amiable and vivacious companion." The exertions and excitements of this musical season in London gave the last blow to Weber's already rapidly failing health. On the 4th of June M. noted in his Journal: "When I saw Weber to-day, Sunday, he spoke confidently of his departure for Germany; but the fearful, convulsive cough, that returned at short intervals, and left a state of total exhaustion, increased our fear to the utmost, and when he painfully told us he should leave in two days, and I should give him letters to take, if I pleased, he hoped to see me again on the morrow, my heart grew sore, although I did not suspect that I saw him then for the last time among the living." On the following morning Weber was found dead in his bed. M. most deeply moved by his loss, was indefatigably active in settling Weber's affairs. To Beethoven, too, in the immortal master's last illness, he proved a loving, active friend.

The further course of M's biography offers much yet that is interesting and attractive. Particularly would we point out his intercourse with Walter Scott, Henrietta Sonntag and Paganini. Very charming is the description of an evening, where Henriette Sonntag, Walter Scott and Clementi met at the house of M., and the two old gentlemen, quite delighted, courted the charming singer. Walter Scott described to her every fold of the Scotch costume, as she must wear it in the "Donna del Lago," and Clementi suddenly arose with the words: "This evening I should like to play too!" This was received with general delight. "He extemporized with youthful freshness," writes M., "and already the circumstance that it was his habit ordinarily never to play, lent his performance a great charm. Then you should have seen how delighted the two old gentlemen were with each other, shook hands together, were not at all jealous of each other, in spite of the mutual admiration of Sonntag, but how the great man paid tribute to the great man."

Heinrich Heine, too, while in London, often visited at Moscheles's house, generally coming uninvited to dinner. Mme. Moscheles procured for him tickets of admission to all private galleries, parks, and public gardens, but asked him as a favor in return, that Heine should not mention Moscheles in his book about England. Upon his astonishment at this she said: "Moscheles's speciality is music; that interests you perhaps, but you possess after all no particular understanding for it, and so cannot write well on the subject. But you might easily discover something that would give play to your satire, and I should not like that." Heine laughing gave her his hand, and

promised.—M. Scheel's biography grows more and more interesting as it advances. We look forward to the second volume with much pleasure, and shall not fail in time to report upon it to our readers.

Competitive Trials between the Vocal Associations of Male Voices in Belgium, and the "Concours International," at Verviers, on the 7th July, 1872.*

BY DR. FERDINAND HILLER.

Notwithstanding the cosmopolitan accomplishments by virtue of which this grand Germany of ours surveys every day the globe, and buries itself in the state of civilization before the "creation of the world," besides reading and translating the novels of all nations, it possesses, as a rule, very little precise information of what is going forward on the other side of the nearest frontier station. It is too much taken up with itself and its own peculiar interests. Not to go beyond my "last"—how little are our musical circles acquainted with the musical doings of our English, French, Belgian, and Italian neighbors. They know something about certain large theatres, concert-societies, &c., but, precisely at the point where the more intimate connection between art and national life, properly speaking, commences, their ignorance of what is done begins.

Male choral singing has, for a considerable time, played a great part in Germany. Its influence has been more superficial than profound; more of a social bond than an artistic stimulus. Many a magnificent song has been admirably sung, but as a rule there have been more bad songs than good ones, and they have been sung badly rather than well. At grand Vocal Festivals, beer and patriotism have been equally prominent—fortunately without any injury to our national prosperity. If the charge which we often bring against ourselves is well-founded, namely: that we are deficient in self-consciousness, we may give the Vocal Societies, Vocal Clubs, and Vocal Unions, the Polyhymnia, Cecilia, and Concordia Associations credit for forming excellent schools to cure the defect. As members of such an association, the simplest and most modest individuals are certainly not less proud than is an English peer of his hereditary right to take part in the government of the United Kingdom. They have even had their historiographers, whose duty it has been to see that not one serenade, trip, or greeting connected with them should be lost to posterity. As a rule, however, and despite numerous very, very honorable exceptions, one was obliged to say: "Much cry and little—music."

But I am allowing myself to indulge in evil backbiting of my dear fellow-countrymen and colleagues, a plan that may lead to no music, but to a great deal of uproar, and—not the slightest amount of wool. Yet my purpose was to speak about the "Kampfwagen der Gesänge," "The jousts and tournaments of song" among our neighbours!

I was invited thereto by a "grand international competition," got up at Verviers, on the 7th July, by the Royal Society called *L'Emulation*. I attended as one of the judges. I had previously often been thus distinguished, as, for instance, at Antwerp, Liège, Namur, etc., probably because the Belgians have not to go far to find me. But I was, also, charged with the task of writing an "obligatory chorus," a *chœur imposé*, and thanks, thereto, enjoyed the unusual treat of hearing a new work (the Psalm: "Super Flumina Babylonis") without having to go through any horrible rehearsals.

These vocal contests play a great part in Belgium. It would be difficult to find a national festival of which they do not constitute a feature, while the number of those got up without any extraneous object may be termed considerable. They are divided into various categories, with the *International* competitions at their head. The arrangements have been so developed in course of time that, in all their principal points, they may be regarded as permanent.

A corporation, or a Vocal Association, under its auspices, undertakes to get up a competition, or match. This may be open simply to one province, or a number of parishes and towns; it may stretch over the entire kingdom; or, lastly, all the nations on the face of the globe may be invited to take part in it. In the last case, as far as I know at least, only Rhinelanders, Dutch, and French from the frontier provinces, have hitherto appeared. They have carried off several high prizes. It was here that our own (Cologne) celebrated Choral Association for Male Voices won its first victories. These encouraged it to undertake its well-known, and so highly successful, journey to Great Britain.

* From the *Kölnische Zeitung*. Translation from the London Musical World.

The prizes consisting, partly of "Indemnités," as they are called, partly of gold medals, partly of valuable works of art, etc., are contributed from various quarters. In nearly all cases, we find a present from the King; and there is frequently a contribution from the Ministry; for Belgium, in proportion to its size, spends more on art than any other state. The town in which the festival is kept, the local societies, and some few private persons do their best. Thus I find that, on the occasion of the last vocal match at Verviers, at least 14 valuable medals (worth as much as 500 francs), are mentioned as being given by seven or nine associations, some of which (I may mention the Club Gymnastique, and the Société du Manège), are but very distantly connected with music—a proof of the deep interest taken in the subject. Special mention must be made of the present given by the Cercle des Artisans, and of a gold crown added to the first prize by the ladies of the town. Several months before the day of the match the announcements and invitations are made public, the different associations having to signify eight or ten weeks beforehand their intention of taking part in the proceedings. I must here touch upon a point which is interesting to all, but more especially to musicians. First class competing societies are bound to sing the same compositions, and it is sent them four or five weeks before the meeting. The compositions intended for this purpose must be new. The composers selected to supply them willingly undertake the task as a question of honor, which, however, is not unattended with material profit. The associations, compelled to master the same thing in the same time, thus contend on equal terms.

To form the board of arbitrators, invitations are issued to a smaller or larger number, as the case may be, of musicians of repute, who are always treated with the most gracious and splendid hospitality. They are formed into various sections, because at the larger meetings the competitors are singing-matching it in several places at once. Under these circumstances you frequently meet old friends again, and pass some exceedingly charming hours of good-natured gaiety with your colleagues, though the office of arbitrator itself has its serious aspects and its moments of exhaustion. At Verviers there were more than twenty *Minors* assembled, including one Dutchman (our old friend Verhulst), and several of our Rhenish colleagues.

A summary of the arrangements at this festival will be the speediest means of conveying a notion how the majority of such meetings are organized. 1. The third division for Belgians: associations from parishes containing less than 7,000 inhabitants. 2. The second division for Belgians: associations from towns of from 7,000 to 18,000 inhabitants. 3. The first division for the same: associations from towns of at least 18,000 inhabitants. 4. For foreigners: a second division for parishes and towns of less than 12,000 inhabitants. 6. International contest for Belgian and foreign associations, already the possessors of a first prize. 7. An International contest of Honor (an innovation introduced, I believe, by the Verviers Committee), for associations which have already carried off a first class prize (*prix d'excellence*). The divisions named under 1, 2, 4, and 5, have to sing two pieces, both of their own selection. The divisions, on the contrary, included under 4, 6, and 7, have to sing one obligatory chorus, and one chosen by themselves, a new piece being composed for each of the divisions under each of these heads. In addition to some smaller localities, the Theatre, and the riding school, a magnificent building, with accommodation for some thousand persons, were fitted up for the occasion.

The conditions, under which these friendly contests take place, display the most conscientious desire to mete out even justice to all. The reproduction of them at length would occupy too much space. I may mention, however, that the vocal solos, which possess so great a charm for the public, do not at all affect the awards, and that the Jury, without any deliberation, vote secretly. The order to be observed by the associations singing in the same division is decided by lot.

I had no opportunity of hearing in Belgium those associations from whose performances no very great things were to be expected. In all probability they suffer, as we so frequently find the case among ourselves, from the unsuccessful imitation of the larger associations, which they are but too eager to out-do even in their "very hawking and spitting." The performances, however, of such societies as are located in large towns, or, from peculiar circumstances, have more than a usually large number of members, and possess proper conductors, excel, as regards the virtuosity with which they execute the most difficult tasks, everything in this branch of art which it has fallen to my lot to hear in Germany. It is true that

the tasks to be accomplished in the two countries are of an utterly different nature.

In our own country, male choral singing sprang from the love of convivial pleasures. To the joys which men transmitted, through their throats, inwardly to their bodies, were added those which, making their way through the throat outwardly, satisfied the needs of their souls. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." The notion of singing in common our veneration of women and wine, our love for nature and our native land, so magnificently expressed in our unique lyric poetry, could not fail to exert an irresistible influence on a people for whom, in the majority of cases at least, music constitutes a piece of their lives. The song in strophes, which, generally speaking, constitutes the primitive basis of all vocal music, offered itself both naturally and artistically, as the appropriate form. Through what phases it has passed during the present century; how it has wandered from the *Liedertafel* to the concert-room; how it was fated to have the honor of contributing to the manifestation of our national consciousness, as it grew more and more powerful; how male choral singing has, in many instances, been degraded to the level of mere ballad singing; and how, on the other hand, brought into connection with instrumental resources, by talented composers and active associations, it has been employed for higher artistic ends, might furnish materials for a not uninteresting octavo volume. That we can affect nothing with good-natured sentiment alone, we have frequently seen; and, unfortunately, the most glaring proof of this is supplied far too often by German male choral singing.

The contrasts of nationality, which, thank Heaven, are not abolished either by railways or steamboats, are most strikingly apparent when we come to consider male choral singing in Belgium as compared with male choral singing in Germany. Sprung, in the nature of things, from the French school of art, the dramatic, elocutionary, and, at times, even the outwardly pictorial, elements play the principal part in the former. Poems and compositions satisfying this tendency require, if they are to produce any sort of effect, a broader style of handling, and, from this fact alone, make greater demands upon the exponents. But the Belgian and French composers who have cultivated this field of art have not been backward in presenting difficulties of another description as well. They do not shrink from the most daring runs, from the most surprising modulations—they write the chorus, five, six, or eight part, and they require the most delicate treatment of the falsetto, rapid, and yet strongly marked enunciation of the words, and peculiar coloring in cases of sharp outline. In their endeavors to offer us something new and characteristic, they have allowed themselves to be led away into attempting to imitate instrumental effects, and so on, a course by no means worthy of imitation. But compositions such as *Les Emigrés Irlandais*, *Saul*, and others by that admirable musician, Gevaert; *Les Corsaires Grecs*, by Soubre; the effective *Hymn à la Patrie*, written by Léon Jouvot, for Verviers, and many other compositions, require no such artifices. They need nothing but genuine choral art. When, moreover, we recollect that the most important performances take place at those Olympic Games, the prize singing-matches, we may easily form a notion of the energetic exertion to which singers and conductors may be impelled. It is impossible to dispose of the extraordinary performances springing hence by merely enquiring what was the number of rehearsals. The accomplishment of every artistic task requires time and industry. At the most, one would be entitled to step forward in opposition if what was got off by heart asserted itself at the expense of vitality. But this is by no means the case. To perfect technical skill, fine gradations of light and shade, and distinct enunciation, is added an amount of fire which borders on inspiration, and which simply carries the hearer away, no matter whether the ambition of gaining a prize plays as great a part in the matter as the desire to do artistic justice to the subject.

Belgian artists complain, it is true, that the expenditure of strength leading to victory is followed by a long reaction of inactivity; nay, that associations which have carried off all kinds of crowns, prefer resting upon their laurels to risking a defeat. But, then, fresh associations are continually being established, and stepping with all the fire of youth into the arena. As the principal object in view is competitive singing, we may truly say that what is lost in detail is gained en gros.

But there is one step in advance which might be taken: apart from their competitive singing, some of the best associations might be induced to unite in the performance of some grand composition, with orchestral accompaniment. As, in this case, it does not matter what time is spent in preparation, such com-

positions might be got up long beforehand, quietly and surely. The expense occasioned by the co-operation of an orchestra, and, perhaps, of a few soloists, would not be of any consideration in so rich and large-hearted a country as Belgium, and the warm suffrages of the public might be reckoned on with certainty. The interest with which the public follow the singing-matches, is something indescribable. The better performances, and, still more, the best, are overwhelmed with applause, and the moment when the name of the conquering association is published is nothing short of a dramatic scene. The voting-papers are handed one after the other by the chairman of the jury to the secretary, who reads aloud their purport. There is a general and breathless silence, during which you feel that the public are silently counting the votes given to each of the competing associations. One of them has obtained a majority! Suddenly there bursts from the victorious singers a shout of joy which would have done honor to the Teutons of Tacitus, and it is only with difficulty that one can arrive at the announcement of the number of votes held back. If the arbiters' verdict agrees with the feeling of the public, there is universal delight. But the contrary may, also, be the case; and then—why, then one sometimes gets a rather unpleasant specimen of the inconveniences and disagreeables of a highly democratic community. Fortunately this case is of extremely rare occurrence.

—The combination suggested above for the performance of more important vocal works, for male choruses, would also be the best preparatory step for something which is floating before the minds of the leading Belgian composers, who always took so much interest in our Rhenish Musical Festivals—the general co-operation of the female world of music in grand oratorio dramatic works. In Germany, male choral singing has exercised in this respect a decidedly injurious effect, as the compositions to which it has principally devoted itself are, in the common sense of the word, more *entertaining*, but, both intellectually and technically, of less account than that demanded from the executants by works for mixed chorus. For the fact that, despite this, so much is effected, the reason must be sought in the indomitable and thoroughly musical nature of the Germans. In Belgium, the male choral singing which flourishes there would not act prejudicially on mixed choral singing—it would have to accomplish other tasks, but they would be by no means difficult.

One of the most gratifying phenomena at the singing-matches of our neighbors is the part, not simply active, but talented, taken in them by the laboring classes. The Orphéon from Brussels (under the direction of M. Bauwens), carried off in the International Match at Verviers the second *prix d'excellence*. It numbers eighty members, and consists entirely of working men. The first prize in the above category was won by the Society of Amis Réunis of Jupille. M. Th. Piedbœuf, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and a rich manufacturer, has, from among his workmen, and other persons variously employed, formed, in the best acceptance of the word, a chorus of 90 persons. At the Verviers meeting he conducted it personally, with immense fire and unmistakably great ability. The next day, on a tribune erected in the market-place, he received, amid our congratulations, a golden medal, coming from his Majesty, the King, and an indemnification of 1,000 francs, which in their immeasurable joy his chorus certainly did not require. All honor to such efforts, which far surpass what is regarded as acts of humanity, because the latter without the former would be impossible!

The first prize of honor was gained by the Liège society—La Légia, under the direction of that talented musician, T. Radoux (brother of the Th. Radoux, who has rendered himself popular by the composition of a large number of pleasing songs). This Association, 137 strong, had scarcely to contend at all, for, in consequence of what was already known of its performances, all ideas of competing with it were abandoned by the other Belgian societies. It possesses the best qualities in abundance—the most admirable stuff, strength and power, together with that virtuoso-like finish, attainable only by the most conscientious study, under a clever director, who is not merely a thorough musician, but specially accomplished vocally. I am glad, however, that I can here refer to the Cologne *Liederkränz*, under the direction of Herr Lorscheidt, which had the boldness to enter the lists against La Légia, and came out with all honor from the dangerous undertaking. With acclamation, and unanimously, the jury awarded it the gold medal placed at their free disposal for any extraordinary case. The members of the Society L'Emulation, who got up the festival, which, thanks to their sensible and kindly care, had gone off so well, did not think that, in a musical sense, they ought to be merely dumb lookers on: shut out by their own

will from the competitive singing, properly so called, they had—in order, so to speak, to do the honors musically as well as otherwise—undertaken the difficult task of executing the two new pieces composed for the highest categories. They did so with such eminent merit that they nearly missed their friendly object by rendering it more difficult for the Associations which came after them to gain the due amount of appreciation. In praise of the conductor, Professor Th. Vercken, of Liège, I have merely to add that, until very lately, and for a great number of years, he was at the head of La Légia.

The town of Verviers was decked out during the Festival in the gayest colors; all the places in which singing was going on were crammed. In the Salle de l'Harmonie, the members of the board of arbiters were invited to a really endless banquet, with the distinguished burgomaster, M. Ortmans-Hauzem, in the chair. I saw endless banquet, because some of us did not stop for its end, but went and chatted for a few hours of the next day in the charming garden, which was splendidly illuminated. The distribution of the prizes took place on the morning in the grand square. Thousands of spectators filled all the windows, roofs, and adjoining streets. But the weather was sultry and oppressive during the entire proceedings—a fact arising from no moral grounds. The envious gods were sulking, because the amusement of mere mortals lasted too long, though they were civil enough to defer manifesting their displeasure till we had reached the protecting roof. Then the rain poured down in never ceasing streams, washing away and overflowing everything, except the pleasant impressions which the Festival made on all taking part in it, and which at the present moment float around us as charming memories.

Facts about Fiddles.

Charles Reade, the novelist, writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as follows:

Under the head of Cremona Fiddles, for want of a better, let me sing the four-stringed instruments that were made in Italy from about 1560 to 1760, and varnished with high-colored yet transparent varnishes, the secret of which, known to numberless families in 1745, had vanished off the earth by 1760, and has now for fifty years baffled the laborious researches of violin makers, amateurs and chemists.

The modern orchestra uses four-stringed instruments, played with a bow; the smallest is the king; its construction is a marvel of art; and, as we are too apt to underrate familiar miracles, let me analyze this wooden paragon, by way of showing what great architects in wood those Italians were who invented this instrument and its fellows at Brescia and Bologna. The violin itself, apart from its mere accessories, consists of a scroll or head, weighing an ounce or two, a slim neck, a thin back, that ought to be made of Swiss sycamore, a thin belly of Swiss deal, and sides of Swiss sycamore no thicker than a sixpence. This little wooden shell delivers an amount of sound that is simply monstrous; but, to do that, it must submit to a strain of which the public has no conception. Let us suppose two claimants to take opposite ends of a violin-string, and to pull against each other with all their weight: the tension of the string so produced would not equal the tension which is created by the screw in raising that string to concert pitch. Consider, then, that not one but four strings tug night and day, like a team of demons, at the wafer-like sides of this wooden shell. Why does it not collapse? Well, it would collapse with a crash, long before the strings reached concert pitch, if the violin was not a wonder inside as well as out. The problem was to withstand that severe pressure without crippling the vast vibration by solidity. The inventors approached the difficulty thus: they inserted six blocks of lime or some light wood; one of these blocks at the lower end of the violin, one at the upper, and one at each corner—the corner blocks very small and triangular; the top and bottom blocks much larger, and shaped like a capital D, the straight line of the block lying close to the sides, and the curved line outwards. Then they slightly connected all the blocks by two sets of linings; these linings are not above a quarter of an inch deep, I suppose, and no thicker than an old penny-piece, but they connect those six blocks and help to distribute the resistance.

Even so the shell would succumb in time; but now the inventor killed two birds with one stone; he cunningly diverted a portion of the pressure by the means that were necessary to the sound. He placed the bridge on the belly of the violin, and that raised the strings out of the direct line of tension, and relieved the lateral pressure at the expense of the belly. But as the belly is a weak arch, it must now be strengthened in its turn. Accordingly a bass-bar

was glued horizontally to the belly, under one foot of the bridge. This bass-bar is a very small piece of deal, about the length and half the size of an old-fashioned lead pencil, but, the ends being tapered off, it is glued on to the belly, with a spring in it, and supports the belly magically. As a proof how nicely all these things were balanced, the bass-bar of Gasparo da Salo, the Amati, and Stradivarius being a little shorter and shallower than a modern bass-bar, did admirably for their day, yet will not do now. Our raised concert pitch has clapped on more tension, and straightway you must remove the bass-bar even of Stradivarius, and substitute one a little longer and deeper, or your Cremona sounds like a strung frying-pan.

Remove now from the violin, which for two centuries has endured this strain, the finger-board, tail-piece, tail-pin and screws—since these are the instruments or vehicles of tension, not materials of resistance—and weigh the violin itself. It weighs, I suppose, about twenty ounces; and it has fought hundred weights of pressure for centuries. A marvel of construction, it is also a marvel of sound. It is audible farther off than the gigantic piano forte, and its tones in a master's hand go to the heart of man. It can be prostituted to the performance of difficulties, and often is; but that is not its fault. Genius can make your very heart dance with it, or your eyes to fill; and Niel Gow was no romancer, but only a deeper critic than his fellows, when, being asked what was the true test of a player, he replied: "A man is a player when he can gar himself greet wi his feedle."

THE ROMANCE OF FIDDLE DEALING.

Nearly fifty years ago a gaunt Italian, called Luigi Tarisio, arrived in Paris one day with a lot of old Italian instruments, by makers whose names were hardly known. The principal dealers, whose minds were narrowed, as is often the case, to three or four makers, would not deal with him. M. Georges Chano, younger and more intelligent, purchased largely, and encouraged him to return. He came back next year with a better lot; and yearly increasing his funds, he flew at the highest game; and in the course of thirty years imported nearly all the finest specimens of Stradivarius and Guarnerius France possesses. He was the greatest connoisseur that ever lived or ever can live, because he had the true mind of a connoisseur and vast opportunities. He ransacked Italy before the tickets in the violins of Francesco Stradivarius, Alexander Gagliano, Lorenzo Guadagnini, Giodfredus Cappa, Gobetti, Morgilato Morella, Antonio Mariani, Santo Magini, and Matteo Benti of Brescia, Michel Angelo Bergonzi, Montaguana, Thomas Balestrieri, Storioni, Vincenzo Rugger, the Testori, Petrus Guarnerius, of Venice, and full fifty more, had been tampered with, that every brilliant masterpiece might be assigned to some popular name. To his immortal credit, he fought against this mania, and his motto was "A tout seigneur tout honneur." The man's whole soul was in fiddles. He was a great dealer, but a greater amateur. He had gems by him no money would buy from him. No. 91 was one of them. But for his death you would never have cast eyes on it. He has often talked to me of it; but he would never let me see it, for fear I should tempt him.

Well, one day George Chano, Senior, who is perhaps the best judge of violins left (now Tarisio is gone), made an excursion to Spain, to see if he could find anything there. He found mighty little. But, coming to the shop of a fiddle-maker, one Ortega, he saw the belly of an old bass hung up with other things. Chano rubbed his eyes, and asked himself, was he dreaming?—the belly of a Stradivarius bass roasting in a shop-window! He went in, and very soon bought it for about forty francs. He then ascertained that the bass belonged to a lady of rank. The belly was full of cracks; so, not to make two bites of a cherry, Ortega had made a nice new one. Chano carried this precious fragment home and hung it up in his shop, but not in the window; for he is too good a judge not to know the sun will take all the color out of that maker's varnish. Tarisio came in from Italy, and his eye lighted instantly on the Stradivarius belly. He pestered Chano till the latter sold it to him for a thousand francs and told him where the rest was. Tarisio no sooner knew this than he flew to Madrid. He learned from Ortega where the lady lived, and called on her to see it. "Sir," says the lady, "it is at your disposition." That does not mean much in Spain. When he offered to buy it, she coquetted with him, said it had been long in her family; money could not replace a thing of that kind, and, in short, she put on the screw, as she thought, and sold it to him for about four thousand francs. What he did with the Ortega belly is not known—perhaps sold it to some person in the tooth-pick trade. He sailed exultant for Paris with the Spanish bass in a case. He never let it out

of his sight. The pair were caught by a storm in the Bay of Biscay. The ship rolled; Tarisio clasped his bass tight, and trembled. It was a terrible gale, and for one whole day they were in real danger. Tarisio spoke of it to me with a shudder. I will give you his real words, for they struck me at the time, and I have often thought of them since.

"Ah, my poor Mr. Reade, the bass of Spain was all but lost."

Was not this a true connoisseur? a genuine enthusiast? Observe! there was also an ephemeral insect called Luigi Tarisio, who would have gone down with the bass, but that made no impression on his mind. *De minimis non curat Ludovicus.*

He got it safe to Paris. A certain high priest in these mysteries called Vuillaume, with the help of a sacred vessel, called the glue-pot, soon rewarded the back and sides to the belly, and the bass, being now just what it was when the ruffian Ortega put his finger in the pit, was sold for 20,000 f.

I saw the Spanish bass in Paris twenty-two years ago, and you can see it any day this month you like; for it is the identical violoncello now on show at Kensington, numbered 188. Who would divine its separate adventures, to see it all reposing so calm and uniform in that case—"Post tot naufragia tutus."

On Singing in Tune and Singing out of Tune.

The fact of a note being out of tune may depend upon three causes; the impressions of the moment, the voice of the singer, and his ear. The note does not cease to be out of tune, but the consequences are very different from what they are in other cases, when the defect arises from the impressions of the moment, because, then, the defect may be corrected. Thus, fear, emotion, want of confidence in one's memory, a note emitted involuntarily, so to speak, with greater force than the artist intended, too much abandon in dramatic expression, want of acquaintance with the acoustic qualities of a building, and, lastly, any moral or physical suffering, are so many causes which may make a singer sing momentarily out of tune, and yet not justify us in accusing him of doing so habitually. I will go farther than this: any artist, who, feeling that at the commencement of a melodic phrase he had pitched his voice a little too high, or a little too low, (for a singer with an ear is always aware of the fact) attempted to set himself right at once in the middle of the phrase, would find himself singing much more out of tune than a singer who had made up his mind to terminate the phrase as he had begun it, and not put himself right till a slight pause in the music enabled him to do so.

How many amateurs have I known—and, unfortunately, they are to be met with every day—who, after hearing an artist for the first time, have gone about everywhere proclaiming that he sang out of tune, because, not being in very good voice on the night they heard him, he had perhaps emitted two or three suspicious notes. Yes, such an assertion has been made in my presence regarding our greatest artistic celebrities in days gone by, regarding Lablache, Pasta, Ronconi, and Persiani.

One note is sufficient to make some persons assert that an artist sings out of tune; just as if he possesses every good quality except a particular one to which such and such an amateur is partial, it is precisely that very quality which is expected of him, while no credit is given him for all the qualities which he really does possess. I myself heard Adolphe Nourrit one day say: "If an artist were to be run down for singing badly once, twice, three times or even ten times, everybody would have to renounce all idea of becoming a singer." I have heard one of the greatest singers in the world, Davide, sing out of tune during an entire first act, and rise during the second to the most marvellous and sublime efforts. And why? Because, notwithstanding his prodigious greatness as an artist, he was under the influence of an insurmountable dread every time he appeared on the stage.

When the fact of singing out of tune arises from a defect, either natural, or in consequence of illness, in the vocal organ, it is not certainly impossible to correct it, but the task may prove a difficult one. In such a case, the person singing is perfectly aware that he is singing out of tune, without, however, being able to remedy the evil. The voice, under the circumstances, is exactly like a wind instrument which is not correct, because certain proportions have not been observed, either in its length or breadth, or in the size of the holes. The only remedy is to send the flute or clarinet back to the maker's to be rectified; unfortunately, there is no instrument maker to whom we can send our vocal organs to be repaired. It, therefore, after devoting the time necessary for going through every possible method of imparting certainty and strength to the voice, a singer per-

ceives that he cannot succeed, the sole course left him is to give up all ideas of singing. Luckily, this is a rare case.

But if, lastly, singing out of tune arises from a want of ear, the evil is incurable, for it is, in such a case, simply by chance that the person sings; and he will be in the position of some artist or other of the Opera Comique, of whom Fiorentino facetiously said that: "He always sang above, below, or on one side of the note." But a professor should not be in too great a hurry to declare his pupil has no ear, for it is very possible that the mere absence of habit may cause the latter to be out of tune. Nature is so strange. Many an artist plays the piano or violin perfectly, and has a most delicately correct ear; yet if he tries to sing at sight, he will not hit two notes correctly. Another will sing in tune with a piano, but out of tune with an orchestra; and every one has, doubtless, like me, met amateurs whom the slightest want of correctness in the pieces executed before them will cause to start, and yet who will fearlessly sing out of tune themselves without perceiving it. Sound coming from within evidently produces, upon those who hear it, a different effect to that coming from without. Before deciding, therefore, whether a pupil has no ear, the master ought to make him go through all the studies intended to fix and impart certainty to the voice; he ought to familiarize him with every possible intonation, and not pronounce a sentence of condemnation until he is convinced that his pupil does not know whether he is singing in, or out of tune.

I once experienced an extraordinary fact of this kind. A young Italian lady, very pretty, and possessing a magnificent contralto, but without any musical education, desired to go upon the stage. Many professors were, as I was, seduced by her beautiful voice; I may mention among others MM. Panofka, and Schimon. Schneizhoeffer gave her a pianoforte and solfeggio mistress in the shape of a fair pupil of the Conservatory, but the mistress could never make the pupil feel when she executed the scale with its eight notes, when she gave only seven, or when she sent forth nine or ten. One day the pupil felt perfectly discouraged. Desirous of being convinced whether it was or was not an impossibility for her to sing, I resolved to devote a month to the task. During this month, I had the patience to make her practise only the first sixteen bars of Arsace's cavatina: "Ah! quel giorno!" striking the notes on the piano as she sang. At the end of the month, to test the progress she had made, I played the proper accompaniment. No one can possibly form the slightest conception of the strain with which she favored me; it was the most incredible pasticcio, hodge-podge, and jumble of the cavatina from *Tancrède*, the air from the *Barbier*, the ballad from *Fra Diavolo*, and I know not what besides—in fact, it was something of everything except the cavatina of Arsace, of which she did not give one single note.

There was a prejudice, very general in former days, and not quite eradicated even now, that, supposing any one does sing out of tune, he had better sing too low than too high. Those who argue thus strangely, found their opinion upon the fact that singing too low denotes a certain weakness, either temporary, or more permanent, but which may disappear in course of time, while singing too high denotes an organic defect of the voice or the ear. Nothing can be less just than this argument. Singing too high, like singing too low, may arise from weakness just as well as from an organic defect. That a person's singing too high is frequently attributable to weakness is proved by the circumstance that if we pit in a duet two persons against each other, one with a delicate and the other with a very strong voice, and that if the former endeavors to hold his own against the latter, he will nearly always finish by going up. It has been remarked that French and Italian voices are more inclined to go down sometimes, while, on the contrary German voices display a tendency to rise. What does this prove? Nothing, except that Nature has sown some imperfection in all her works. Everyone knows that extremely high soprano voices exhibit a tendency to rise. I will go still further than this: I maintain that there does not exist in the world a soprano, singing easily the re, mi, and high fa, who does not accidentally rise. Ought this to expose to the charge of singing out of tune the artists who possess such voices? By no means!

Let us recapitulate. An artist sings out of tune, when the defect is an habitual one; when he is never sure of singing correctly one evening something he sang correctly on a previous evening; when, on one and the same occasion, his voice sometimes rises, and sometimes falls; when, in a word, his intonation, even though not invariably bad, constantly disturbs those who are listening to him. But a singer who happens in the course of an opera to emit a few doubtful notes, and that only once in two or three

months, may yet be regarded as singing in tune. All the worse for those who go to hear him precisely on his bad days. I recollect its being formerly asserted that Mme. Damoreau, Nourrit, and Rubini, were the only singers who never were out of tune. I subscribe to this, and I could add several names very popular at the present day. However, if a leading artist, with a firmly established reputation for singing in tune, happens once in a way to miss a note, there are, among the public that detect the fault, many, who, unlike the amateurs I mentioned above, will not dare to confess the truth, even to themselves, but will be persuaded it is their own ear which is in fault.

Before, therefore, blighting the reputation of an artist, by the assertion that he sings out of tune, we ought to be quite certain whether he does so by mere accident, or habitually, and guard against being too severe in our judgment of him; but, on the other hand, we should not carry our deference to so high a pitch as the singing-mistress, who, not wishing to wound the feelings of her pupil, by telling her plainly she sang out of tune, mildly observed: "If, Made-moiselle, you would take your E slightly higher, my piano would be more in tune."

HENRY COHEN (Guide Musical.)

A MOZART MANUSCRIPT.—A sale of musical manuscripts took place recently in London, at which a Sonata of Mozart's, for violin and piano-forte, in the composer's autograph, was bid off for ten guineas. Mr. George Grove writes for *The Athenæum* an interesting account of this manuscript, which it seems has a curious history. It was written in 1784, to be performed at the Vienna Theatre, by Mozart and the violinist, Regina Strinasacchi, and the circumstances are thus related by Mozart's biographer, Otto Jahn:

"Mozart, in writing to his father about the new player, after saying how much he hears of her taste and expression, goes on to say: 'I am now writing a sonata, which we are to play together at her concert, on Thursday, in the theatre.' But the sonata was not ready in time, and it was only with great difficulty that Signora Strinasacchi obtained the violin part from Mozart on the evening before the concert. She had only the following morning to practice it in, and that by herself, for the composer and she first saw one another at the concert itself. The performance was magnificent on both sides, and was received with the greatest applause. But the Emperor Joseph, who was in his box opposite the piano, thinking that he detected through his opera-glass that Mozart had no notes before him, sent for him to bring the sonata. What Mozart brought him was a blank piece of paper with merely the bars drawn upon it; for he had not found time to write down the piano part, and played the sonata (no part of which he had ever even heard) from memory."

To this Mr. Grove adds:

"The manuscript sold at Sotheby's for ten guineas, though now containing the complete work, was the identical paper which Mozart had before him on the desk: and the sight of it shows that Jahn's account is not absolutely correct. It was not blank paper with the mere bars; but contained the violin part, carefully written by Mozart himself throughout, and below it the staves for the piano forte, with here and there a bit of accompaniment figure or modulation, to guide him as he went along. These can be perfectly well made out, from the simple circumstance that the ink with which Mozart afterward filled in the piano-forte part is much blacker than that in which the violin part and the scattered memoranda just mentioned were written; so that it is easy to see exactly how the paper was when the Emperor looked down upon it from his box. The writing of the violin part is as graceful and easy as Mozart's ordinary hand; but owing to the accompaniment being sometimes florid, the notes of the piano part have often had to be crammed and squeezed in between the bars."

The complete Sonata, which is in B flat major, is well known in the modern concert room.

Young Mendelssohn in Paris.*

An important event in the young composer's life took place in 1825, when he went to Paris with his father to consult Cherubini as to his future career. Of his experiences during his visit to the gay city we have the following account from his own pen, and remembering that it was written when he was only sixteen years of age, it gives a remarkable illustration of his powers of observation:

"I had hoped," says he, "to find this the native home of music, musicians, and musical taste; but, upon my word, it is nothing of the kind. The salons, though I did not expect much from them, are wearisome; people care only for trivial, showy music, and won't put up with anything serious or

* Goethe and Mendelssohn (1821-1831) translated, with additions from the German of Dr. Karl Mendelssohn Bartholdy, by M. E. Von Glehn. London: Macmillan & Co.

solid. The orchestras (I have heard those of the Opera and the Académie Royale) are very good, but by no means perfect; and lastly, the musicians themselves are either dried up, or else do nothing but abuse Paris and the Parisians.

"At the concert at Tremont last Sunday, I heard Urbahn play some variations on the viola. He tunes it differently to the usual way, that is to say, *sc. sc.* This is very effective the first time you hear it, but still it is a bad plan, for the instrument loses the depth of the viola, without gaining the acuteness of the violin, while it is obviously only available in F major, or at best C major. After this Kalkbrenner played a new sextet of his own in A minor. The piano has quite the leading part, and the clarinet, cello, and double bass merely accompany. There are some pretty things in it, but mostly taken from Hummel's septet, on which the piece is really modelled. He played very well, though with some unsteadiness, on account of the fearful and unbearable heat. Just before he began he turned to Herz, and said with a sweet smile, 'Play for me, and I promise to give you ten sous.' But Herz, smilingly rubbing his black beard, answered with a smile, 'Nay, that would not be agreeable to the public.' 'I beg your pardon,' said Kalkbrenner with another smile.

"Yesterday we were at the Feydeau, and saw the last act of an opera of Catel's called 'L'Aubergiste,' and Auber's 'Léocadie.' The theatre is large, cheerful, and pretty; the orchestra very good; and if the fiddles are not as fine as those at the Opera Buffa, the basses and the wind and the *ensemble* are better; and the conductor stands in the middle. The singers do not sing badly, though they have no voices; their acting is lively and rapid, and the whole goes well together. But now for the chief thing, the composition. Of the first opera I will say nothing for I only heard half of it, and that was poor and weak, though not without pretty, light melody; but the celebrated 'Léocadie,' by the celebrated Auber—anything so miserable you really cannot conceive. The story is taken from a wretched novel of Cervantes, wretchedly cooked up into an opera, and I could never have believed that so vulgar and objectionable a piece should not only hold its ground, but in a short time run through fifty-two representations before an audience of Frenchmen, who really have nice feeling and correct taste. To this novel, which belongs to Cervantes' wild period, Auber has made the most miserable tame music. I don't speak of there being no breadth, no life, no originality in the whole opera, and of its being patched together of alternate reminiscences of Cherubini and Rossini; I don't speak of there being no vestige of seriousness or spark of passion, no power, no fire in it, nor that in the greatest climaxes the singers have to make *roulades* and shakes and passages; but surely the favorite of the public, the pupil of Cherubini, a man with grey hair, might have been expected to know something about instrumentation, now that it has become so easy through the publication of the scores of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven! Not even that. Just fancy that out of the many pieces in the whole opera, there are perhaps three in which the piccolo does not play the chief part. The Overture begins with a *tremolando* in the strings, but very soon out pops the piccolo from the garret, and the bassoon from the cellar, and pipe away a melody between them. In the subject of the Allegro the strings have the Spanish accompaniment, and the piccolo tootles another air to it. Léocadie's first melancholy air, 'Pauvre Léocadie, il vaudrait mieux mourir,' is appropriately accompanied by a piccolo; the piccolo expresses the brother's rage, the lover's grief, and the peasant girl's joy—in short, the whole thing might be capitally arranged for two flutes and a Jew's harp *ad libitum*. Oh dear!

"You tell me also, Fanny, that I ought to set up for a reformer, and teach people to like Onslow, Reber, Beethoven, and Sebastian Bach. I do that already, as far as I can. But recollect, my dear child, that the people here don't know a note of 'Fidelio,' and look upon Bach as a mere full-bottomed wig, powdered with nothing but learning.

"The other day, at Kalkbrenner's request I played Bach's organ preludes in E minor and A minor. The people thought them both sweetly pretty, and somebody remarked that the beginning of the A minor prelude bore a striking resemblance to a favorite duet of Monsigny's (a French opera writer)!—everything danced before my eyes.

"At Mme. Klené's a few days ago I played my B minor quartet with Ballot. He began quite in a careless, indifferent sort of way, but at a passage in the first part of the first movement he got into the spirit of the thing, and played the rest of the movement and the Adagio very well and with plenty of vigor. Then came the Scherzo: I suppose the opening of it pleased him, for he went off like anything, at a tremendous pace, the others after him, I trying to keep them back; but it's not much good trying to keep back three runaway Frenchmen. And so they carried me along with them, always madder and madder and faster and louder; and especially at one place near the end, where the subject of the Trio comes at the top, against the beat, Ballot lashed away in the most furious style, in a rage with himself because he had made the same mistake several times over. When it was finished, all that he said to me was, 'Encore une fois ce morceau.' That time it went smoothly, but still more madly than the first time.

The last movement at first went like wildfire. At that part near the end where the subject comes in for the last time in B minor, quite *fortissimo*. Ballot sawed away at his strings in a perfect frenzy, so that I was almost frightened at my own quartet; and at the end, he came up to me, again without a word, and embraced me twice as if he wanted to stifle me. Rode also was very much pleased, and a long while afterwards, suddenly said to me in German: 'Bravo, mein Schatz!'

Fanny, you write to me of prejudices and partiality, of growling and owliness, and of the land flowing with milk and honey—as you call this Paris. Just reflect, I beseech you, are you in Paris, or am I? Surely I must know more about it than you. Is it my way to let myself be hampered by prejudices in my judgment of music? And even if it were, is Rode prejudiced when he says, 'C'est une dégringolade musicale!' Is Neukomm prejudiced when he says, 'C'est pas le pays des orchestres?' Is Herz prejudiced when he says, 'The public here can understand and appreciate nothing but variations?' and are thousands of others prejudiced when they swear at Paris? It is you who are so prejudiced that you believe my impartial statements less than the lovely picture of an Eldorado Paris that your own fancy has drawn. Take up the *Constitutionnel*, what are they giving at the Italian opera besides Rossini? Take up a music-catalogue, what is published or sold but romances and potpourris? Wait till you have been here and heard 'Alceste,' 'Robin de Bois,' and the *soirées*; or till you have heard the music in the King's Chapel, and then judge and scold, but not now when you are hampered as regularly blinded by prejudices. But forgive me for this *Allegro ferocé*.

"I have been busy these last days making a Kyrie d 5 *voce* and *grandissimo* orchestra; in bulk it surpasses anything I have yet written. There is also a tolerable amount of *pizzicato* in it, and as for the trombones, they will need good wind-pipes."

—* Letters to his parents of the 18th and 22nd April, 1825.

PUBLISHERS' SONGS.—The London *Athenaeum* says a young lady's singing powers are in a sorrowful state when she leaves school, but much is to be allowed for apprehensive instincts, timid and tremulous nerves. She knows she is no artist in song, and of that the publisher takes advantage. His sincerity is such, that he offers her too frequently imbecile nonsense, under the plea that it is "easy to sing." The normal requirements for a publisher's song are, no feeling, no fancy, no invention, no meaning, no power, no life, no sensibility, no sentiment. There is but one answer to Voltaire's query, "What does it ask for?" and that is, nothing. An English girl in a music-seller's estimation, is an ungraceful, pitiable being. She has no heart, no head; she is without sympathy or thought, without skill, voice, method, declamation or any power of captivating in an art which has, ever since the world began, stood foremost in its influence on humanity. Ballad-singing to our young ladies must be the most comfortless of all their young life's engagements, and to their auditors the most terrible affliction to be met with in social life.

Necrology.

(Continued from page 303.)

5. EDUARD SOBOWLEWSKI, a German composer of some eminence, who emigrated to this country in 1859, died at St. Louis in May last. From the New York *Musik-Zeitung* we translate the following account of his career.—

"He was born at Königsberg in Prussia, Oct. 1, 1804. In his thirteenth year he was already a virtuoso on his favorite instrument, the violin. At the age of seventeen he was established as first violinist in the orchestra of the Königsberg theatre, and at 23 he held the place of Kapellmeister to the same orchestra. There he remained until 1854, when he removed to Bremen, where he officiated as Kapellmeister in the Stadt theatre until his emigration in 1859 to the United States.

"In Königsberg Sobolewski had founded the Musical Academy there, which a few years ago celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary by the performance of some of its founder's works; and besides his onerous labors as conductor of the orchestra and as teacher of singing in the Academy, he also gave lectures on the theory of composition at the University.

"In the time of his residence in Königsberg and Bremen fall not only most of his musical productions in many forms, but also a multitude of musical treatises, criticisms and controversial writings, most of which appeared in the Leipzig musical journals, especially the 'Reactionary Letters' levelled against the new direction of Richard Wagner, which have been

translated into nearly every language of the cultivated world.

"For his restless, busily creative spirit the Fatherland was too narrow; he could endure no longer his limited sphere of operation in the commercial city; and, filled with the fairest hopes for a free, unlimited field of activity in the new world, he came to the United States, where he first settled in Milwaukee. But here nothing but bitter disappointments were his lot. Without definite plan, without experience, without knowledge of the relations of the country, he had to submit himself to the advice of so-called friends, whose motives seemed to him benevolent or disinterested. At first he was made director of the Musical Society, which, utterly unable to appreciate Sobolewski's earnest striving, soon let him fall again, and even stirred up animosity against him, making his farther stay in that city impossible. To be sure, a Sobolewski was not the man for concerts in costume, with wreaths and dances, such as the Musical Society then cultivated. An artistic tour through America, which led him as far as to Havana, turned out mournfully enough. This was in a great measure the fault of the programme, which had for its principal features his not easily understood monodrama 'Cleopatra,' and some songs from 'Hiawatha' melodramatically worked up by him. In Milwaukee he composed also his 'American National Opera: Mehoga, the Flower of the Forest,' and brought it out with the aid of the Musical Society, but without any particular success.

"From Milwaukee he removed to St. Louis, having accepted the invitation of the Philharmonic Society there to become its conductor. Here he worked industriously and perseveringly as director, music-teacher and composer until his death, which occurred on Sunday, the 18th of May, after only eight days sickness. Sobolewski, whom fortune has always treated in a very step-motherly way, leaves a family of ten children, of whom the youngest girl bears the name of his opera 'Comala.'

"Sobolewski has composed much, and among it some things that are good. His more important works are the Oratorios: 'John and the Redeemer' and 'Lazarus'; the operas: 'Salvator,' 'Imogen,' 'Velleda,' 'The Prophet of Korassan,' 'Zisca,' 'Comala,' 'Lagonia,' 'Mohaga'; the melo-dramas: 'Pygmalion,' 'Cleopatra,' 'Orpheus,' 'Vinvola,' and several more. Of all these works the only one with which we are nearly acquainted is the opera 'Mohaga,' and this is wanting above all in clearness and in characteristic, dramatic tone color; to the title of an 'American National Opera,' in spite of its subject borrowed from American history, it can scarcely lay claim.

"Brendel, who died a few years ago, the literary defender of Sobolewski in Germany, in spite of all his partiality for all 'musicians of the Future,' passes the following judgment upon this composer in his History of Music: 'Remarkable as a composer generally, as well as an opera composer specially, Sobolewski is at any rate. But in the works of his which I know he has not attained to clearness, to well-rounded completeness; and the same must be said of his operas. His desultory nature allows him—even in his literary manifestations—now to seize upon a good thought, and now to mingle with it what is decidedly unclear. It is no complete and self-contained individuality, that we have before us.'

"But not to give only a single judgment (though we conscientiously subscribe to it) upon the deceased, we may here cite an enthusiastic expression of Franz Liszt about the melodrama 'Vinvola,' which appeared in the *Zeitschrift für Musik* in 1855:—'What a melancholy fate to see such splendid creations doomed to bloom and die in solitude because they sprang up in too high or too burning regions, and thus resemble those flowers of the desert or of unattainable mountain summits, to which the people do not climb to enjoy their peculiar fragrance, their full beauty!'

6. ROSAMUNDA PISARONI. The *Athenæum* records the death of this once famous singer, with the following sketch:

There are still living opera frequenters who can remember the glorious contralto, Signora Benedetta-Rosamunda Pisaroni, one of the plainest of women, but one of the greatest of artists. She was born in 1793, and died on the 6th ult. at Piacenza, her native city, in her seventy-ninth year. This artist, although born in France, was educated in Italy, and made her debut at Bergamo in 1811 as a high soprano, but lost her upper notes during a severe illness at Parma in 1813—small-pox—which greatly disfigured her. She then took to the contralto register. Meyerbeer, who in 1815 was travelling in Italy, heard her, and composed "Romilda e Costanza" expressly for her at Padua. At the San Carlo, in Naples, she sang in Rossini's "Riccardo e Zoraida," and Mercadante wrote "Lodoiska" for her in 1819. It was in October of that year that she created a furore by her Malcolm, in Rossini's "Donna del Lago." Meyerbeer again wrote for her "L'Eule di Granada" for Milan. In 1822, Lablache being included in the cast. In 1823 she sang in Rome and Lucan. At the last-mentioned city Pacini composed "Tennistole" for her and Signora Tacchinardi (afterward Mme. Persiani). Her next engagements were at Bologna and Milan. It was at the Scala that she electrified her audiences. In 1825, by her Arsace in "Semiramide." After being at Genoa, Leghorn, Florence and Rome, Mme. Pisaroni went to Paris in 1827, making her debut as Arsace. The very first notes she sang, "Eccome alfin in Babilonia," roused the house in the same manner as Mme. Albani did in 1847, at the opening night of the Royal Italian Opera, also as Arsace. In Paris Pisaroni sang with Pasta, Malibran and Sontag. What associations are connected with these great names! In their time the pure art of vocalization was in its perfection. It was in 1829 Pisaroni came to London, and at the King's Theatre, under the late Laporte's direction, made her debut there as Malcolm in the "Donna del Lago." Signor Donzelli (who is still living at Bologna) being the Roderick Dhu. Despite her physical defects she brought down the house; her voice was not what it had been in Italy and France, but the genius of the artist was supreme. Her Isabella in Rossini's "Itallena in Algeri" was marked by much finish, and her acting was so excellent that the enthusiasm of her listeners knew no bounds. She subsequently played Arsace, first to the Semiramide of Sontag and next to that of Malibran. Pisaroni returned to Paris and Milan in 1830, but quitted the lyric stage in 1836, Turin being the last theatre where she appeared. She was a great artist in every sense of the word—historically as well as vocally: there was a grandeur and breadth of style which always commanded the attention and enlisted the sympathies of her hearers. She had the tact to identify herself completely with the character she was sustaining, and it is difficult to state whether she shone most as a tragedian or a comedian.

7. HENRI DRAYTON. Mr. Henri Drayton, the well-known opera singer, has died at his residence in New York. His death took place on the 30th ult. Though well known in England, where he made his reputation, Mr. Drayton was a citizen of the United States. He was born in Philadelphia in 1822, finished his musical education at the Paris Conservatoire, and soon afterwards was engaged as primo basso in the Italian Opera at Antwerp. Alfred Bunn engaged him for English opera in London, and here he played for many years with great success, excelling in such character parts as *Devilshoof* in "The Bohemian Girl," and making a reputation by his *Bertram* in "Robert," and *Peter the Great* in "L'Etoile du Nord." He visited the United States with his wife in 1859, and gave a series of popular entertainments, which he styled parlor operas. The Draytons returned to England in 1861. In 1869 Mr. Drayton was engaged by the Richings English Opera Company, and he sang with them for two seasons in New York and other cities, his best personation being *Rip Van Winkle* in Mr. Bristow's opera of that name. While travelling with the Richings company he had a stroke of paralysis at Rochester, about a year ago, and though he afterwards appeared on the stage with the Seguin company, this summer, at Bryant's Theatre, he never fully recovered his health. He had a second attack at his home, which has carried him off. Mr. Drayton was much esteemed in private life. He was not only a good musician, but an actor of ability and earnestness, and the author of several plays and operas.—*London Orchestra*, Aug. 16.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 21, 1872.

Mr. Osgood's Concert.

At last a Concert! Our season opens, not in the "Hub" proper, to be sure, but in one of the "sub-hubs," Chelsea, which has been showing vigorous

signs of zeal for music for a few years, through its Choral Society, its beautiful new theatre, or "Academy of Music," modelled somewhat after our "model theatre," the Globe,—and indeed for a long time past through the quiet influence and example of a single family, numerous and prosperous, residing there, every member of which, though only in an amateur way, is practically musical. One of the younger sons, a Harvard graduate of 1866, and the sweet singer of his class, blessed with a beautiful tenor voice and a truly musical nature, has since devoted himself to music, and by two long residences in Europe,—the first in Germany, the second both in Germany and Italy,—has availed himself of every advantage both of the best vocal teachers, and of the study of music as an art in the fullest sense, and has now returned thoroughly prepared to enter upon his professional career. Those who have known GEORGE L. OSGOOD musically in private, those who heard him sing in a Harvard Symphony Concert on his first return from Europe, when he loyally and gracefully laid the first fruits of his culture as it were upon the altar of his Alma Mater, do not need to be convinced of his fine musical endowments, not only of voice, but of intellect and soul. Every one felt the refinement of his singing; the only question was of power of voice, and of endurance, for singing in large halls. In this respect, as well as in the whole economy and mastery of means, and all the arts and qualities which make up a good singer, a real gain, the fair reward of so much conscientious, patient, well-directed study, was to be expected now. All the reports of his recent public efforts in Germany had given us assurance of it.

One thing is highly creditable to Mr. Osgood, considering the temptation and the fashion of the times. Almost every young man or woman, who goes abroad for vocal training (and their name is Legion), is almost certain to be sucked into the whirling limbo of Italian Opera, or mongrel opera that calls itself Italian; and then follows the poor commonplace career of figuring on the stage in the same worn out round of characters, Lucias and Traviatas, Edgars and Manricos, each vainly straining and striving, if not to revivify those old ghosts, at least to borrow some reflected lustre from them by identifying herself or himself with parts which memory couples with great artists. The worst of it is, that in this pursuit, this travelling in a banal circle, spell bound, hopeless in most cases, the deluded victim denies himself the real nourishing, inspiring and ennobling wine and pabulum of music in the high sense of Art; his musical culture and his musical taste becomes of the most superficial. Rarely does the average Italian opera singer appreciate, or care to sing, even for his own private satisfaction, those songs which spring from the wells of deep and spiritual genius, songs by Schubert, Schumann, Franz,—still less the lofty sustained melody of the greatest priests of song and harmony, like Bach and Handel; even Mozart they accept in a half-hearted spirit of concession. Mr. Osgood has had the good sense and the courage to resist the current, and to choose another and a manlier direction, showing that he understands himself, and that he cheerfully and earnestly acknowledges the duty of the artist first of all to the ideal of pure Art, and not first of all to the most ready popular success, though Art thereby should be degraded. He has prepared himself to be a concert and an oratorio singer; and this, too, not in the superficial ordinary sense of miscellaneous concert singing, but in the far nobler sense of making himself a true interpreter of what there is most pure and beautiful and noble in the best repertoire of song,—an interpreter of such masters as we have named, not excluding, of course, the melodies best worth perpetuating from Italian, English and whatever sources. Mr. Osgood has made himself particularly, intimately at home in the speciality of German *Lied* singing. He has enjoyed the friendship and inspiring influence of Robert Franz in person, as well as in his music. And we are glad to know, therefore, that he intends, after the completion of his engagement with Theodore

Thomas, say in the month of May, to give us a series of classical song matinees or soirées, in which we shall hear him, and hear his masters, to the best advantage, coming nearer to the soul of all their art than we can in large general concerts.

The concert in that beautiful Chelsea "Academy" last Wednesday evening, was the welcoming of Osgood in the town that claims him, and his first public appearance since his return from Europe.

The auditorium was filled with the singer's friends and fellow citizens of Chelsea, by whom the compliment was tendered, besides a considerable delegation of leading musical persons from Boston, whom a deep interest in the occasion drew there in spite of the bad weather. This was the programme:

Overture to Semiramide.....	Rossini.
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.	
"O, I'm a Roamer." Song for Bass, from the "Son and Stranger".....	Mendelssohn.
Mr. M. W. Whitney.	
Tenor Serenade. "Ecco ridente il cielo," from the "ber of Seville".....	Rossini.
Mr. Geo. L. Osgood.	
"Souvenir de Spa." Solo for Violoncello.....	Servais.
Mr. Hennig.	
"The Young Mountaineers".....	Randegger.
Mr. Whitney.	
"Träumerei." (Reverie).....	Schumann.
Quintette Club.	
"Erlking".....	Schubert.
Mr. Geo. L. Osgood.	
The Celebrated Adagio, "God save the Emperor," Quartet, No. 77.....	Haydn.
Quintette Club.	
"Slumber on Gently".....	Rob. Franz.
Mr. Geo. L. Osgood.	
Finale. 1st Act of Euryanthe.....	Von Weber.
Quintette Club.	

The selections given by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with the exception of the "celebrated" Adagio and Variations by Haydn, were hardly worthy of the occasion, or of a Club which properly is nothing if not classical, and which has looked upon itself as "the exponent" of such music for so many years. Surely some real Quartet or Quintet movements would have been quite as acceptable within two miles of Boston and to an essentially Boston audience as thin arrangements of a light overture, &c. The club is well made up, having filled the places of Mr. Fries and Mr. Meisel with two excellent artists: Mr. HENNIG (cello) and Mr. HAMM (violin). Instead of *Semiramide* they opened the concert with a light, old-fashioned, Frenchy overture, sometimes heard in theatres. The well-worn "Träumerei," Mr. RYAN's clarinet taking the melody, was followed by the fresh little Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Reformata n Symphony"; but in both we would have preferred a piano (in the second a four-hand arrangement) to so thin, and for that very reason not particularly delicate a substitute for an orchestra. Thomas plays the *Träumerei* with only strings, a mass of them, and that comes nearer to a delicate and true translation of the little pianoforte poem. However, perhaps we are over-critical, for it was all bright and pleasing in the popular ear no doubt; the *Euryanthe* piece was as agreeable as any of their selections. Mr. RUDOLPH HENNIG, in his rendering of a rather superficially sentimental show-piece, showed himself a rare master of his instrument, playing with a rich, smooth, even tone throughout, great ease and grace of execution, and pure, genuine expression. Mr. WHITNEY was warmly welcomed back after a year of very marked success, interrupted by a long period of severe illness, in England. His great bass voice seemed nobler and grander than ever, while the higher tones have grown more musical and rich. He has gained so much, too, in artistic delivery and phrasing, and sings with so much more vitality, that we shall be glad to hear him in music of a grander style more suited to his individuality. The rapid, merry buffo song from Mendelssohn's "Heimkehr" was given with ease, distinctness and vivacity, nicely accompanied on the piano by Mr. GRANER, just from Dresden, who, we understand, is engaged for that service in the Thomas concerts. The rather conventional, English song by Randegger was very finely sung and much enjoyed; but Randegger has done greater things than that.

Mr. OSGOOD, hearty as was the greeting that awaited him, came forward under not the most propitious circumstances. The place is not encouraging to the voice, nor very good for hearing (like most theatres, not built for concerts) either of the singing voice or the piano; and the first public effort before one's old neighbors, the conscientiousness of the indefinitely much expected, &c., &c., naturally embarrassed him a little at the outset. For this reason we doubt the wisdom of choosing such a piece as "Ecco ridente," the exquisite florid melody which will always recall Mario in his prime, for the first effort; would it not have been better to have got warmed up to that song by degrees? For a little while the voice was disappointing, the tone somewhat dry and paralyzed by nervousness; but as he went on, the golden sweetness of the voice, its delicate,

interior, soulful quality came out freely and warmly; and the fresh, genial summer night melody was sung with such fine phrasing, such liquid, even flow of melody (with rare and slight exceptions), so pure an Italian style, and so much light and shade and truth of feeling that all were delighted. (And here, by the way, we do see a good artistic motive in placing the Italian selection first). Many voices we may hear that have more weight and volume, more brilliancy, more ringing resonance, but very rarely one so sweet, so purely musical, with so much soul and native true refinement in it. Recalled, the singer sang (what was justifiable there and then if anywhere) "Sweet Home," with beautiful simplicity and unaffected feeling. In Schubert's "El King" the singer was more in his own field; and, although very familiar, the selection was a good one as giving scope for the true declamatory German ballad style. And indeed his musical declamation was most admirable, wonderfully distinct in the enunciation, at times strikingly graphic, contrasting the voices well, steadily growing to a climax, yet all in good keeping and leaving the impression of a complete, consistent and artistic whole. We do not think we ever heard the song so powerfully interpreted to feeling and imagination, although sometimes with greater power of voice. Mr. Osgood sang it in English, scribbling the excellent translation on the programme to one who would be happy could he claim its authorship, but it was made by Dr. Hedge. For an encore this time he sang a simple, pleasing sentimental song of his own composition.

Of Robert Franz he sang the lovely *Schlummerlied* from Tieck (his own translation). For a single specimen of Franz it is not precisely the one we would have chosen, and indeed it is but fair to Franz to sing a group of two or three of his songs instead of only one, though that one is longer than most of them. Yet it is one of the most delicate, original, poetical of lullabies, the music fully worthy of the words; and the style in which it was sung showed a fine sensibility and a beautifully subdued, sustained and even character of song. It was, however, taken too slow at the start (the accompanist perhaps not being yet entirely at home with Franz), so that the natural movement seemed held back; this fault was remedied after the first stanza. The impression made, upon the whole, of Mr. Osgood's singing fully answered expectation, and all came away happy in the possession of such an artist.

Music in New York—Thomas's Garden Concerts.—What Next?

NEW YORK Sept. 14.—The summer-nights' concerts at the Central Park Garden will soon be ended, but the attendance there still continues undiminished, and the music is as good as ever. From a quantity of programmes before me I give a list of pieces performed by Thomas's Orchestra during the 115 concerts, up to Wednesday, Sept. 4.

SYMPHONIES.—Eighth [entire] Beethoven; First, in B flat, Schumann; Larghetto of Second, Beethoven; Andante of Fifth, Beethoven; Allegretto of Seventh, Beethoven; Andante of First, Beethoven; Andante of "Surprise," Haydn; Scherzo of Symphony No. 3, E flat, Schumann; Scherzo of "Reformation Symphony," Mendelssohn; Scherzo of "Scotch" Sym. Mendelssohn; Andantino and Tempo di Marcia, Spohr; Andante and Scherzo from Symphony in C, Schubert; Adagio: "Ocean Symphony," Rubinstein.

OVERTURES.—Bal Masqué, Adam; Roi d'Ivetot, Adam; Deux Journées, Cherubini; Der Portugiesische Gasthof, Cherubini; Anacreon, Cherubini; Tannhäuser, Wagner; Rienzi, Wagner; Overture in C, op. 115, Beethoven; Weihe des Hauses, op. 124, in C, Beethoven; Coriolanus, Beethoven; Leonora, No. 3, Beethoven; King Stephen, Beethoven; Fidelio, Beethoven; Schauspielfirector, Mozart; Magic Flute, Mozart; Don Giovanni, Mozart; Manfred, Schumann; Iphigenia in Aulis, Gluck; Semiramis, Rossini; La Gazza Ladra, Rossini; Barber of Seville, Rossini; William Tell, Rossini; Rosamunda, Schubert; Masanello, Auber; Fra Diavolo, Auber; Ruy Blas, Mendelssohn; Athalia, Mendelssohn; Fingal's Cave, Mendelssohn; Der Freischütz, Weber; Oberon, Weber; Euryanthe, Weber; Vestralis, Spontini; Martha, Flotow; Stradella, Flotow; Robert le Diable, Meyerbeer; Zampa, Herold; Fille du Regiment, Donizetti; Jessonda, Spohr; Robespierre, Litolf; Lurline, Wallace; Mignon, A. Thomas; Life for the Czar, Glinka; Dame Kobold, Raff; [Reinicke?]; Merry Wives of Windsor, Nicolai.

Among the miscellaneous selections which have found most favor, are the following:

Extracts from the Operas of *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and the "Flying Dutchman," by Wagner; "Invocation to the Alpine Fay," from Schumann's *Manfred*; Nocturne, Scherzo and March from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; Paraphrase: Loreley, Nevada; Adagio, Scherzo and March, op. 101, Raff; Quartet from *Rigoletto*; Ballet: "Reine de Saba," Gounod; Scherzo, op. 19, Goldmark; Music to *Egmont*, Beethoven; Ave Maria, Gounod; Amaryllis: Air par le Roi Louis XIII.; Abendlied, Schumann; Selections from *Freischütz*, Weber; Selections from *Romeo and Juliet*, Gounod; besides numberless Strauss Waltzes, selections from operas, &c.

This list is necessarily incomplete, embracing only a part of the season; but it will help your readers to form an idea of the high character of the selections with which Mr. Thomas has favored his auditors.

Mention should be made of a spirited Opening March composed by Theo. Thomas, which was played at one of the concerts, and also of two Galops, ("Japanese" and "Red Cloud") by our accomplished

and well known pianist, A. H. Pease. So popular have these two pieces proved that they have been played at least a score of times during the season.

These concerts will be continued until Sept. 22, when the garden will close for the season, and Thomas will depart with his Orchestra for a Western tour. He has scrupulously adhered to a high standard in the selections played during the summer, and has undoubtedly done much to elevate the popular taste. He will probably give several Symphony Concerts at Steinway Hall during the winter. Mr. Geo. R. Osgood will accompany him on his western tour.

The musical season which is soon to open is by far the most promising which we have ever known, and I will give a list of the announcements which are already made.

Italian Opera will begin at the Academy of Music Sept. 30, under the management of Messrs. Maretzek and Jarrett. The prime donne are Mme. Pauline Lucca and Miss Kellogg, and the roles are divided as follows: Mme. Lucca is to appear as Selika in *L'Africaine*, Valentine in *Les Huguenots*, Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, Zerlina in *Don Juan*, Agatha in *Der Freischütz*, Mignon in Thomas's Opera of that name, Leonora in *La Favorita*, Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*.

Miss Kellogg will appear as: Violetta in *La Traviata*, Lucia in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Annetta in *Crispino*, Martha in *Martha*, Gilda in *Rigoletto*, Amina in *Sonnambula*, Catarina in *L'Etoile du Nord*, and will also appear in Gounod's *Mireille*, Flotow's *L'Ombre* and Petrella's "Duchess of Amalfi," which are among the novelties promised.

The other singers are Mlle. Rosine Leveille, Soprano; Señora Sanz, Contralto; Sigs. Abruguedo and Vizzani, tenors; Sigs. Moriani and Sparapani, baritones; Jamet and Coulon, basses; and Sig. Ronconi, buffo. The orchestra consists of 49 performers, and the chorus of 68 voices. Great things are promised in the way of dresses, scenery, &c., and it is to be hoped that, in these matters, there will be some improvement upon the last season.

The ice will be broken (metaphorically speaking) by Mr. Max Strakosch at Steinway Hall, on Monday evening, Sept. 16, with Carlotta Patti and Mario. The lady, as we all know, has a wonderful executive faculty, but Mr. Strakosch claims that during her absence she has developed a broad, earnest, emotional style of singing. If this be true, who will say that the days of miracles are ended?

It will be interesting to hear Mario, even though we miss the wonderful voice which for so many years made him the reigning tenor of Europe. That we cannot expect to hear; but a great artist we certainly shall hear, and we may take a lesson in generosity from the English, who will listen to their favorite singers, years after they should have left the stage forever, with a manifest pleasure which must be purely retrospective.

The above named artists, with Mlle. Teresa Carreno, pianiste; Miss Anne Louise Cary, contralto; and Mons. Emile Lanerot, violinist, comprise the concert troupe. They will give three evening concerts and one matinée here, next week, and will then leave the city, to return later in the season. The Orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. S. Behrens.

Anton Rubinstein will play at Steinway Hall, September 23d. as a pianist he is said to rival Liszt, and as a composer, he has but one living equal. Shortly after his arrival here he was serenaded by the Philharmonic Society. The selections played were: the Andante to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Wagner's *Rienzi* Overture, and Meyerbeer's *Fucltanz*. For the Rubinstein Concerts we are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Gran, who has also engaged Henry Wieniawski, the well-known Polish violinist. The vocalists are Mlle. Louise Liebhart, from London, and Mlle. Ormeni.

The stimulus of these great musical enterprises is everywhere felt, and the season will be one of unusual

activity on the part of our established musical organizations, concerning which I will write in future.

A. A. C.

ANECDOTE OF WIEPRECHT. From the Berlin *Staatsbürger Zeitung* we translate the following droll reminiscence of the late famous director in chief of the Prussian military bands, of whom we told what little we knew in our last number. (By a rare coincidence, one of the daily papers, the *Globe*, a few days later told its readers what it knew about Wieprecht in precisely the same words we had used. "In the mouth of two witnesses," &c., &c.):

"Wieprecht, besides his other offices, was also one of the founders and always a member of the 'Berliner Officier-Orchester-Verein.' In the year 1864 Herr von Hülsen arranged a theatrical performance for a charity in the concert hall of the Royal Theatre. Three one-act pieces were given in the French language. All the performers belonged to the nobility; even the part of the servant, who had nothing to do but bring the candles and set the chairs, was taken by a 'marquis.' Victor von Magnus had a lover's part and played with distinguished success. The only not noble one was Julius Hein, who had the honor of dressing up the company. The *entrée* was two Friedrichs d'or. Herr von Hülsen in one of the pieces was a *commis voyageur*, and in a couplet of his own composing he described the joys and miseries of a court theatre Intendant so vividly, that he was wildly applauded and recalled several times. Nothing in this 'noble comedy' had a more motley and unique appearance than the orchestra. Officers of all grades, infantry, artillery and cavalry, all in gala uniform, made music here. An old major wielded the baton; a spruce captain of Hussars, with huge whiskers, blew the clarinet; a very long lieutenant of the Guards beat the kettle-drums; a Colonel of Uhlans played the viola, &c.

"To this society belonged also Wieprecht. I shall never forget the image he then presented. He wore the gala uniform coat with the stiff straight collar, on which the five lines of the staff were sewed in gold; he sat with his throat thus enclosed like a Spanish criminal in the *garotte*, his face very red. Thus he stood, and thus he drew the bow—of the double-bass. One cannot imagine anything more comical than 'father Wieprecht' in gala uniform playing the double-bass! The King and Queen had their seats close to the orchestra, so that they could reach into it with their hands. Wieprecht gave the military greeting, the King thanked him, but laughed more heartily than almost ever in his life before. The Queen, too, nodded friendly to Wieprecht, then turned away and placed her handkerchief before her mouth, for fear of laughing out aloud. But Wieprecht did not allow himself to be distracted; he played a solo, written by himself for the double-bass, with such purity and expression, that he was vehemently applauded. The whole royal family joined in the applause, and when the piece was finished, the king reached into the orchestra, seized the old Wieprecht's hand, and shook it heartily. The happiness of the brave music director at this distinction was visible upon his face,—it was perfectly *himmel-blau*."

Music Abroad.

LEIPSIK.—On the 7th instant, the well-known University Vocal Association, Paulus, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by a concert of sacred music in the University Church of St. Paul. The first piece was Mendelssohn's overture to *St. Paul*, performed by the bands of the Theatre and the Gewandhaus. Mme. Peschka-Leutner sang the air, "Auf starkem Fittig," from Haydn's *Creation*; Herr Lauterbach played a Violin Air, by Riets; Herr Grützmacher, a Violoncello Air by Bach; and Dr. Kretschmar, an Organ-Toccata, by the same composer. The choral pieces were: the *chorale*, "Wachet auf," as harmonized by Jac. Prätorius: "O, bone Jesu," Palestrina; "Miserere," Orlando Lasso; Fragments from Cherubini's *Requiem*; "Agnus Dei," Jul. Otto; "Danklied," Riets; Mendelssohn's "Ad Vesperas, Dom. xxi. p. Trinit.," "Hymn for double Chorus," Franz Schubert; and the Motet, "Verwelfe nicht," R. Schumann. The concert was followed by a grand banquet in the Schützenhaus. Professor Osterloh proposed the health of the "Emperor William, the Victorious," and of "King John, the Learned." Professor Zarneke, Dr. Weber, and Dr. Döhner, presented Dr. Langer, the Director of the Association, with a silver laurel-wreath. Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, who is an honorary member, made a speech on the relation of the Producer to the Reproducer. Other speeches followed.—On the following day, there was a concert of profane music in the new Theatre, which was crammed. With the exception of Beethoven's "Leonore Overture," No. 3, and his Triple Concerto, Op. 56 (performed by Herren Reinecke, Lauterbach and Grützmacher), and of Schubert's "Wanderer," the programme comprised exclusively compositions by honorary members of the Association. Among them were: "Morgenhymne," M. Bruch; "Walpurgis der Mönche," and the sixth scene from *Fritschhof*, Ferdinand Hiller;

"O termorgen," for soprano, male chorus, and orchestra, and "Zur Weisheit," Georg Vierling; "Der Jäger Heimkehr," C. Beinecke, and Horace's ode, "Ad Thallarchum," Vincenz Lachner.—A very pretty surprise was prepared for Mme. Peschka-Leutner on her first re-appearance in *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor* after her return from America. Friendly hands changed her dressing-room into an arbor of flowers. Magnificent bouquets with congratulatory cards from the first families of the town, covered the table, while on a violet velvet cushion there lay a massive silver laurel-wreath, bearing the following inscription: "To Mme. Peschka-Leutner, our highly esteemed and universally popular artist, this wreath is respectfully offered on her return, covered with glory, from foreign lands."

THE HAGUE.—A society has been formed here for the purpose of making the music of Sebastian Bach better known. The first public performance will be in October.

COLOGNE.—Dr. Ferdinand Hiller is at work on an Opera for the new Cologne theatre.

PARIS.—It is confidently stated that Mme. Rouzard (Christine Nilsson) is preparing to assume the chief part, Eros, in the *Psyche* of Ambroise Thomas, which he has transformed into a larger work for the Grand Opera.

VIENNA.—The opera season was opened with *Faust*, in which Miss Minnie Hauck, owing to the sudden illness of the prima donna, was called to take the part of Marguerite, and did it with brilliant success.

MUNICH.—The report that Hans von Bülow had been made "General Intendant" of the Royal Opera, the highest musical post in the kingdom, is contradicted.

A clever knave has been trading upon the benevolence of the music loving Bavarians by means of his adopting a high-sounding name in musical annals. Styling himself "Ludwig von Beethoven," and stating that he was a relative and namesake of that great composer, the man had the audacity to solicit assistance from the young King of Bavaria, whose love of everything connected with the immortal Beethoven induced him to give at different times sums amounting in all to £80 to this new Mr. Beethoven. The truth of his assertions being doubted, and inquiries proving them to be false, the police took measures for his arrest, but were unsuccessful, their bird had flown—the second Beethoven was no more. The rogue has been tried in the police court of Munich, in contempt, of course, and sentence delivered.

MILAN.—At the final performance of *Concettola* at the Fossati, on which occasion Miss Matilda Philippa, sister of Miss Adelaide Philippa, took her benefit—the theatre was crowded in all parts, and the very respectable audience honored the talented young lady with frequent and hearty expressions of approval during the performance of the opera. Between the second and third acts the *beneficiaria* sang the "Di tanti palpiti" (*Tancredi*) in such a way as to create something very like enthusiasm.

Signor Cagnoni's latest opera, "Papa Martin," has been successfully produced at the Politeama. Signor Braga's opera, "Gli Avventurieri," and an entirely new work, "Gara d'Amore," by Signor Bianchi, are announced at the same theatre. When the two new theatres, the Teatro dal Verme, otherwise Teatro Donizetti, and the Teatro della Commedia, otherwise the Teatro Goldoni, are completed, as they shortly will be, this city will contain fourteen theatres, namely: the Scala, the Cannobiana, the Carcano, the Sante Redegonda; the Fossati, the Nuovo Re, the Milanese, the Teatro d'Estate, the Fiasco, the Goldoni, and the Donizetti.

LONDON.—Signor Randegger is said to be engaged in the composition of a new dramatic Cantata for the Birmingham Festival of 1773. It is entitled "Fridolin," the libretto being an adaptation from Schiller's "Der Gang zum Eisenhammer."—Randegger is not coming to America this season, as it has been reported. Arthur Sullivan, too, is commissioned to compose an Oratorio, and Signor Schira a Cantata, for the Birmingham Festival.

The action of the South Kensington authorities in the matter of the Albert Hall Choral Society has resulted in the formation of a new association which is to be named after its conductor and is to be termed "Gounod's Choir." The number of voices is to be limited to 240, divided as follows: 70 sopra-

nos, 40 altos, 60 tenors, and 70 basses. The conductor is to possess sole administrative authority, but he is to be aided in the general business arrangements by a committee of members. The season extending from November to May will include a weekly rehearsal on Tuesday evening, and a series of Saturday evening concerts at St. James's-hall. All the proceeds arising from the regular concerts will be devoted to a fund for organizing an orchestra. M. Gounod in his announcement of the project says that his sole object in entering upon it is the advancement of art, and that Mrs. Weldon has promised to aid him in the instruction of the choir in the art of English pronunciation.

FESTIVALS.—The Standard of Aug. 31, says:

The Worcester Festival is to be held on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of September. The usual services at the cathedral will be suspended, and a special morning service will be held daily at half-past eight o'clock, when the Worcester Choir will be supplemented by the members of those from Gloucester and Hereford Cathedrals. The services selected are: Garrett in D, Croft in A, Smart in F, and Wesley in F. The Anthems will be—Praise the Lord, Sir John Goss; Hear my Prayer, Norris; Blessing and Glory, Bach; and Joy cometh in the morning, Holiah. The sermon will be preached by Dr. Barry, of King's College. On Tuesday "Elijah" will be given; in the evening there will be a miscellaneous concert in the College Hall: the first part of this will include Mozart's C-minor symphony, and selections from his operas "Idomeneo" and "Don Giovanni." A popular programme is promised for the second part "Samson," Hummel's second mass, and Haydn's "Creation," are the items for Wednesday morning, (too long, we maintain.) In the evening a selection from "L'Allegro and Il Penseroso," songs by Spohr, and Mendelssohn's little-known "Cornelius March" will be given. On Thursday Bach's "Passion Music," and the "Lobgesang" is provided; Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" is the chief feature of the evening concert. On Friday morning, the "Messiah" will bring the festival to a close. The singers announced are Miss. Tittens, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mme. Patey, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Mr. Sinton will lead the band, and Mr. Donne, Mr. G. Townshend Smith and Dr. Wesley, as usual, respectively occupy the three posts of conductor, accompanist, and organist. The Rev. T. L. Wheeler and Mr. E. J. Spark are the honorary secretaries, and the list of stewards is as strong as ever, despite Lord Dudley and his golden bait. We regret that no new work has been commissioned for the meeting; *en passant*, it may be remarked that the usual ball will not take place.

Norwich is more vigorous than Worcester, and at the eighteenth triennial festival of the old eastern city, several novelties and comparatively new works are to be brought forward. From September 16th until the 20th (inclusive) has been fixed for the musical meeting. On Monday evening, Mr. Sullivan's "Te Deum" and Haydn's "Creation" are to be given. On Tuesday evening Mr. Macfarren's new cantata "Outward Bound," composed expressly for the occasion; a new festival overture by Mr. F. H. Cowen, and a capital miscellaneous selection are down for performance. "Elijah" will occupy Wednesday morning, and a varied selection will be given in the evening. Among these items we note, "Rhineland," a new scene with chorus by Dr. Bunnett, the clever assistant organist of the cathedral; the Andante and Rondo from Sir Jules Benedict's pianoforte concerto in E flat, and an Andante for the clarinet, written by Miss Alice M. Smith. On Thursday morning the Oratorio of "St. Peter" will be performed for the first time in Norwich. Thursday evening will be occupied with another miscellaneous selection, the most noteworthy pieces in which are, Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillant," an Allegro and Scherzo from a new symphony by Sir Jules Benedict, and "Endymion," a new overture by Mr. King Hall, who also figures as the solo pianist. On Friday morning, the Norwich Festival, like the Worcester, will conclude with the immortal "Messiah." A dress ball will take place at St. Andrew's Hall in the evening. The principal vocal performers are Miss. Tietjens, Mme. Cora de Wilhoret, Miss. Albani, Mme. Patey, Mme. Trebelli Bettini, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Kerr Gedge, Mr. J. G. Patey, and Mr. Santley. M. Sinton will be the principal first violin; Sir Julius Benedict will be the conductor, and Dr. Bunnett will preside at the organ. The band is complete in all departments, and the chorus will number 311 voices.

Sir Michael Costa has left London, on a tour in France, Italy, and Germany, to study the present condition of the lyrical drama in those countries. Sir Michael probably contemplates action as regards National Opera and musical education in England. At present the former is confined to the Crystal Palace, where it is chiefly represented by what are facetiously called "operas in English," which, being translated, means that adaptations of German, French, and Italian lyric dramas are in the ascendant. Auber's "Diamant de la Couronne" has been followed by Donizetti's "Lucrèce Borgia"; the principal parts are sustained by Mme. Ida Gillies Corri and Miss Palmer, Messrs. Nordblom, Cotte, Beale, Tempest, Walsh, Stanley, Müller, Wakefield, and H. Corri.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

A Song of the Sea. 4. D minor to f. Boott. 30
"I cried, 'how it comes with its stately tread,
And its dreadful voice, and the splendid pride
Of its royal garments flowing wide.'
A song of the 'sad sea waves,' almost gloomy at times, but at the same time rich and powerful.

Rose of the Valley. 3. C to g. Baxter. 30
"Breeze of the midnight! Star of the sea!
Say is my loved one dreaming of me."
Has a very attractive chorus.

Kiss me in my Dreams. S'g and Cho. A to f. Gorham. 30
"All my slumbering moments, with thy vision teems,
Then kiss me in my dreams, darling
and welcome. The subject is quite taking, and the song with the chorus is fitted to be popular.

Papa's Come. Song & Cho. 3. Ab to g. Geary. 30
"Two little feet would patter run,
A sweet, and silvery voice cry, Papa's come."
Simple and sweet, but not too simple. These dainty home songs contrast refreshingly with the market love-ballads which constituted the staple a few years ago.

Lady of my Love. 3. Eb to f. Sargent. 30
"Not fairer is day
Than the lady of my love!"
A song quite as fair as the day, and sure to please a "fair lady."

A Starry Night for a Ramble. 3. Bb to d. Bagnale. 30
Comic and pretty.

Grant us another Term. Song and Chorus. 3. C to e. Parkhurst. 30
"And Grant shall be our President
Until the work is done."

A good campaign song on the Grant side. Get it for the remaining political meetings.

A Maiden plied her busy wheel. 3. Eb to e. Vandewater. 35.
An expressive piece.

Bathing in the Tide. Song & Dance. 3. C to e. Baratta. 30
"In the surf a girl divine."
A ballad of Long Branch, with lively melody and dance. Very good of its class.

Instrumental.

Horace Greeley Campaign Music. Greeley's Grand March. 2. G. Krummacher. 40
A first rate March, with an excellent title-portrait of Horace G., whose face is really too good-looking to be caricatured.

Barbiers de Seville. 4 hds. 3. G. Beyer. 75
A few favorite airs from the opera, easily arranged.
Greeley's Galop. With portrait. 3. A. Bela. 40
A very wide awake affair, which will be played long after it has served for the gallop to the polls of the adherents of the famous journalist.

Ripples, for Piano. 4. Ab. Mrs. Ernest. 40
Very neat and sweet, having the pretty effects of more difficult "murmuring wave" and "fountain" pieces, without being out of the reach of common players.

May Breezes. Mazurka Caprice. 3. A. Guinet. 30
A simple, pleasing and brilliant mazurka.

My Star. (Mein Stern). 3. Eb. Kafka. 40
In the style of a song of rich melody, with variations.

May Lily. 1. C. Smallwood. 25
One of 12 Rondos, the set being called "Flowers of May." Note the name, as so easy and so good pieces are "scarce."

Baratta's Grand March. 3. A. Baratta. 30
Miss Baratta has succeeded finely in this composition, which is effective and brilliant.

Amaranth Polka. 3. C. Vandewater. 25
Very pretty, neat and crisp.

Blondine Vale. 3. G. Burgmüller. 40
Of smooth, gliding character. Very satisfactory every way.

Books.

EXERCISES ELEMENTAIRES GRADUES. Graded Exercises for the Development of the Voice. By Mathilde Castrone Marchesi. 2.00

The exercises are similar to those found in other good methods, but have the merit of being carefully graded by a practical teacher, and as all can be transposed at will to suit the compass of each person's voice, they will be found widely useful.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an unitalic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

